War Cry of the Militant Suffragists Enticed Kate Carew to Hyde Park

The Occasion Was Not a Brick I urling, Window Smashing, Minister Insulting Tournament, but the Delivery of "Votes for Women" Speeches from a Score of Platforms on the Greensward.

siender, low voiced lades who are distraction, giv-ing the English police to distraction, giv-door, and I cowered behind the table with ing the English persons attacks, a "don't-shoot" air—simply for practice. dainty, descriptive bits.

dears. I've haunted the shopping dis- reporter once called them. trict. I've stood like "little Mabel with the day came and brought what is known ber face against the pane." in front of by many as suffrage weather—cloudless.

heave a hammer or a brick. painstaking hanger-about that many a ten minutes to 2. burly "bobby" has looked at me and my keep only my purse, hanky, powder punt this was my very first in England.

BUT ONE USE FOR HAMMER. Hammers are all right when a friend's

character comes up for discussion, but I held a little sheaf of papers. den't deal with them in concrete form, and I know I could always prove an allbi,

always playing their damaging little tricks elsewhere. But last week they adthe gentle readers of the ads. were sym- tomime. pathizers and wished to take an active wise, they could just stroll around at 3 "No, indeed, officer," conciliatingly twit-o'clock and there would be plenty for tered the microbe. "I won't, I assure

prepared for emergencies, so I took these T last I've seen the hammer throw- warnings to heart. I dodged mounted police in my little two-by-four room. No. I don't mean the Olympic leaped upon the bed with the grace of an games champions at all. I mean those antelope, to avoid an equestrian member games champions at all. I mean those difference of the force who might be entering the

and causing reporters to consult their thesauruses diligently for new ways of expressing "virulent suffragettes," "unexpressions sexed wretches," "furles" and such like the idea of being in the very midst of all these desperate outlawed women-the Ever since I've been in London, my "virulent, vitriolic vipers," as a wild young

plate glass windows, and whenever a par- bright and very warm. The meeting was plate sizes the looking party came up to at 3, as I have said. I know that we of gaze at a bonnet I've expected her to the so-called weaker sex may not be strictalso her strong right arm suddenly and by punctual in private life, but when we're in the public eye we're up to the mark, all In fact, I've been such a persistent and right, so I strolled toward the park about

I was just going in the Marble Arch sizable handbag suspiciously, as entrance when I encountered my first sufif he doubted the purity of my intentions fragette on her own happy hunting and saw space for dangerous missiles in ground. I've seen 'em in America; I've the ladylike leather receptacle where I interviewed 'em, as you are aware, but

She was just a mere scrap of a woman tiniest, slenderest, bright-eyed whitehaired old lady I've seen in a long time.

THE "BOBBY" INTERVENES.

Well-will you believe it?-never a work- like voice, smiling at me and gently forcing militant came your Aunt Kate's way ing into my limp hand a purple slip with while she was on the prowl, yet they were "Votes for Women" writ large upon it. In a moment a huge, portly and im-portant policeman was in our midst. vertised that they would all gather to- Where he came from, heaven only knows gether in Hyde Park on Sunday and they He simply appeared as if he had popped urged every one to join them there. If up a trap door, like the clown in a pan-

part in the demonstration they were told finger upraised and frowning brow bent they could come dressed in white with upon the female mite in front of him, purple and green ribbons, and something "don't you be a-comin' hinside the park would be found for them to do. Other- gates with them there preers of yours."

you I won't. I'll just stand out here." Naturally, I never had any thought of . Three years ago, I dare say, this bobby



"WE WANT CO-OPERATION BETWEEN THE SEXES!" SHOUTED KEIR

cause, but I don't hold with violence my- they're none of them to be taken in by self, never did, so I could only attend the any womanly wiles. Their tempers are

meeting as an interested spectator. fragettes is very bitter at present. There'll be crowds of hoodlums, and pos-

I thought it over carefully. I'm a perfectly brave woman, but I felt that same them with socialistic and anarchistic ideas, months ago. I said sternly:

Let's face the music and the British hood- lets. lums and see the militants in their masses."

friends when they found how determined inconspicuous clothes, and if there are mounted police, and they rush the crowd, gleam of bright colors. to sure to get out of the way."

Sounds pleasant and easy, doesn't it? As you know, I always believe in being



refreshment tent.

rasped a bit at the edges. Probably the other flerce scowl and vanished. It seems you can talk your head off in

Hyde Park, if you like. You can collect flannelled youth of the present day. crowds about you, and you can inflame tion act, the Jews in Russia or most any-"Pull yourself together, Kate Carew. thing else, but you mustn't distribute leaf-

As I didn't have any "pypers," I passed through the gates unmolested and walked "Very well, then," quoth the anxious along the path looking for excitement.

Far ahead of me, on the great stretch I could be, "go if you must, but for good- of green where submerged England plays hess sake dress in your oldest and most and sleeps and speechifles, there was a Liberty cap, for it was the Fourteenth of fluttering of flags, a sound of music, a

> PLAY TO MASCULINE GALLERY. "There they are!" exclaimed a girlish voice behind me "The horrid crea-

man of her choice. Of course, he cast Amazons, all right. They could have her an approving smile, and methought tilted with those flagpoles as well as I heard a murmur of "womanly little the dukes and marquises who competed girl," and then some more talk of "un- at Earl's Court a while ago, and I dare sexed creatures."

as I could toward the gathering. Many womanhood say to an inquiring friend: trotted along with me and hundreds had arrived before us. My dears, this meeting of the mill

tants was wonderfully stage-managed. Picturesqueness was the keynote of it all. Fluttering in the sunshine were streamers and banners of many hues. Lady Meyer's garden party, Tuesday," The green, purple and white of the Woman's Social and Political Union pre-

dominated, but the green of the Irish League, the yellow and white of the Freedom League, the red and white of forms. Some of them listened to the the Independent Labor Party and heaps speakers carnestly and attentively, others of other blue, mauve and rose color flags gazed at them curiously, nudged each hung everywhere. There were flowers other and giggled. Still others called out, and laurel wreaths, bandsmen in red jeered and heckled, but met with small and gold, pretty girls in dainty white encouragement, frocks with "Votes for Women" ribbons slung across their shoulders, and crowds a pole with a mammoth W. S. P. U. flag of gayly dressed ladies, so that the floating from it. Around this were one whole scene was brilliant and beautiful, hundred and fifty fine, fat bandsman in while the atmosphere was as sedate and bright red uniforms. They played the harmless as that of the King's garden "Marseillaise" and the stirring "March of party or a Sunday school picnic. In fact, I was so reminded of the latter Smyth. On a sort of improvised stage, ar-



heart, I'm not exaggerating. These "unsexed creatures" are very good looking.

These stalwart maidens who surroundsaid anxious English burly one felt she might heave a brick at ed the carts last Sunday were particu-"The feeling against the suf- any moment. Anyway, he gave her an- larly attractive, and I believe they would have held their own very well in an out-and-out scrap with the English

Each girl supported a tall flagpole. Some of these terminated in streamers sort of sinking I had when I took my interest them in the suffrage, discuss the displaying the colors of the union repfirst steps in our own procession a few government, the insurance bill, the educaners with somewhat lurid inscriptions. such as:

"We will vote like men, and not be sold as slaves!" "What rights are hers who does not things?

strike for them?

"Women, rise and fight for freedom!" Crowning each flagpole was a scarle July (the day the Bastile fell, in case you've forgotten) and incidentally the birthday of Emmeline Pankhurst, of militant fame.

Do you know, I think these cordons of young women were for protection as well as ornament. There were twelve Of course, she said it to the young around each platform, and they were say they could jiu jitsu a bit on the side. I goggled in the direction where there | They chatted cheerfully as they stood, were stir and color, then I trotted as fast and I heard one golden haired sprig of

HAD KNOWN PRISON RIGORS.

"Oh, yes, thanks, I'm quite all right now, but that forcible feeding does us one up for a time. Oh, yes, I'll see you at She was one of 'em. That angel faced young thing was a hammer thrower!

Surging crowds of men, women and boys were gathered round all these plat-

In the very centre of the gathering was sort of function that I glanced round in- ranged so she could lead the musicians, coluntarily for an ice cream wagon or a was a tall, slender woman, with a keen, humorous face. She wore a kind of white There were about twenty platforms and iliac nightic which, I'm told, was an placed a fair distance apart, so that the academic robe. Her head was bare, and speakers would not conflict. They were the pitiless sun beat down upon it; but

consulting the programme handed you England's greatest woman musician, who so busy studying the scene as a whole. as soon as you came near the meeting wrote operas and symphonies which were It was awfully impressive, somehow. It you could choose your pet speaker and hailed as masterpieces years ago in every made a kind of lump come into my throat go as close to her as you could push country but her own. She got the suf- and my goggles got all moist, but that frage fever fairly recently and joined the may have been the weather, which by Around each platform was a cordon militants, went off by herself, smashed this time was a very fine and lifelike

arrested her: Yes, I did it with my little hammer," Then she marched to prison like a lamb hear a few choice words from Sylvia of toing as a sympathizer. I've marched in would have melted in the presence of suffrage parades. I'm a worker for the such condensed sweetness, but nowadays is over. The suffragette, for the most of the parameter of the such condensed sweetness, but nowadays is over. The suffragette, for the most of the parameter of the such condensed sweetness, but nowadays is over. her life she was without a plane,

The suffragettes are pretty proud of having her in their ranks, stationed. Trouble was certainly expect- in hiding and mother in Switzerland reed, for there were enough bobbles to

was good natured. I began to ask myself where the bitter afraid she hasn't anything in the sense feeling came in. Here was an opportunity for those who have railed against the suffragettes for weeks past. didn't they come and speak up and throw

A WELSH SUFFRAGETTE.

Yes, cross my a window, and said to the policeman that imitation of a dog day in little old New

"Well," said I to myself, "Til go and

Sylvia was holding forth in great style. She doesn't often get a chance to speak in London. She is relegated to the Five All round the meeting policemen were Towns district mostly, but with Christabel cuperating from the way she was forced a multitude, but very early in the to take her food in prison, Sylvia had game I knew nothing was going to hap- | a chance to come up to town, and I had pen. The whole attitude of that crowd a feeling she was rather enjoying it. She's very thin and very earnest. I'm

of humer line. She has inherited her mother's sob-in-the-voice, but the roguish smile that descended to Christabe stopped there and didn't pass on to Sylvia, who is younger.

A CALL FOR CHRISTABEL.

"She isn't as pretty as Christabel," ald a languid young man in white spats. who trod on my toes to have a better "Rather not" answered his companion.

who sported a lovely mauve waistcoat. but was quite chinless. little bit of all right, I don't think," Then, as if impelled by a superior force. he lifted his voice and shouted: 'Where's Christabel?" Sylvia didn't reply. She just went on

working herself up to a frenzy of excitement over what the government has done forcible feeding of suffragette prisoners, and left undone. She was-er-glowing, fairly freely, but she never even stopped | Labor Party. to mop her face. She did hold her hat on, though, for every once in awhile a torrid breeze came along and blew it about, giving her a rakish air she did not care to assume,

You've heard it. There isn't anything left to say, but she repeated all the old things, as if for the first time. "Where's Christabel?" shouted several

others, headed by the young man in the manve waistcoat. "Where's Christabel?" "Why don't the police find out?" laughed Sylvia. "Why don't you?" And the crowd laughed with her and

et her continue.

At a nearby platform the biggest crowd afternoon had gathered, for "General" Drummond was speaking, and she's great favorite. Though I have an impressive presence,

I am short, so I only got a bird's-eye He shouted and gesticulated frantically view of Mrs. Drummond, who also is and the crowd cheered him as frantically. short, but fairly hefty. She hasn't at I simply couldn't get anywhere near him, all the kind of figure for a sheath skirt, so I just moved on. and her general attire shows that she doesn't care a brass farthing whether the Liberty caps bobbed and nodded, the she has or not. She wore a lot of purple, bright flowers on the women's hats

"Good old Ma Drummond," said a

Keir Hardie, Sylvia Pankhurst, Dr. Ethel Smyth, "General" D ummond, George Lansbury and the New Yorker, Inez Milholland, Were Among Those Who Argued Their Cause to Placid Crowds.

young man who might have been taken for an Apaché any moment. He really looked a desperate character, and I thought it fairly probable he might fire a bomb or an ancient egg at the speaker,

"Good old Ma Drummond," he bellowed again, and let it go at that.

Now, "General" Drummond, as she is known in suffragette ranks, is the most militant of the militants. She was a Yorkshire factory girl in her youth. She married a workman, and she is the mother of a large family. The crowd can't get any change out of her, but they tried to on Sunday.

"Why don't you go home and wash the byby?" piped a wan and wasted, nicotine

"I'm going to when I've finished talking to bybys like you," said "Ma", and other wan and wasted, nicotine youths jeered at their companion.

Yes, the crowd heckled the doughty little "general" all through her speech. Sometimes her megaphone voice drowned their sallies. Sometimes she returned rough chaff with chaff as rough, but good nature prevailed all the same.

Beside her on the platform was our own Inez Milholland, looking as cool, fresh and dainty as a rosebud. The people murmured with appreciation when she rose to address them and they gave her all their attention. Some bestowed it on her superior clothes, some on her words.

A GRIM CONTRAST.

A coster woman caught your Aunt Kate's eye. My, but those coster women are devoid of vanity. This one was typical. Her lank locks were fastened together in a sort of bun, confined with one large pin and one only, so that there were waifs and strays straggling over her ears and neck, and this coiffure was crowned by a round sallor hat. She had no teeth in the front of her mouth. One of her eyes was disfigured by a great black stain, and a purple and yellow cruise adorned her cheek. A dirty shawl overed the deficiencies of her toilet. She made that same lump come in my

throat, for she stood entranced, biting her fingernails hungrily and gazing at the immaculate Inez preaching rebellion. "Lor' bless us!" she said to nobody in

I came to the conclusion there might be more excitement where men were speaking or the women, so I wriggled my way out of that crowd and made for the "Men's League for Women's Suffrage" platform. Here Joseph Clayton, writer and lecturer, was giving a most impassioned oration. He was listened to in respectful

On the "Cymric Society" cart a Welsh minister was holding forth, flanked on

tume. Nothing doing there.

for Women's Suffrage." Lawrence Housman, poet and play- the "Marseillaise."
wright, was talking on the platform of the Mr. Lansbury came from the female were male flag bearers, graybeards for

the most part. bians. A colleen, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes and a fine, rich brogue, hurled de- in the twinkling of an eye the mounted



LADY STOUT.

league," and a very pretty, elderly woman (whom a friendly neighbor informed me was Lady Stout) stood upon the wabbly cart of the "International Society for Women's Suffrage." In the gentlest accents she implored the crowd to fight for their rights and for the cause.

Moore and Adeline Bourne, all well known London stars, as their mouthpleces, and on the "Women Writers" platform were Evelyn Sharpe, a journalist suffragette: Beatrice Harraden, who has given time, health and money to the cause, and Reginald Kauffmann, who halls from Amer-George Lansbury, who recently made a

scene in the House of Commons about the spoke on the platform of the "Independent Well, I just kept on walking, searching

for signs of bitterness, but the Sunday school pienie atmosphere was prevalent everywhere. Then, all at once, I really thought some

No use telling you what she said thing was going to happen. At the very furthest end of the green a little figure clambered up on a cart. The crowd seemed to have a sort of brain wave, and rushed madly in that direction. Most of is couldn't see what caused the disturb-

> "Who is it? What is it?" I queried of all and sundry.

"They say it's Mrs. Pankhurst!" cried portly weman as she dashed past. But it wasn't. It was a short man with a weather beaten face, a white beard, tossing white hair and the most inflam-

matory tie I've ever seen. It was Keir Hardie. He shouted and gesticulated frantically

The flags waved gayly in the breeze green and white, and an anyhow slouch danced, and ribbons and streamers fluttered everywhere. It was quite a big, cosey tea party.

and with one accord the suffragettes and their sympathizers began to sing:

The crowd listened, for it was the 'March of the Women." No one Jeered,

no one howled or catcalled. Honestly, it was solemn. Here were the hammer throwers, the brick heavers, the "furles," with wrapt, earnest faces singing a solemn, hymnlike chant to thousands of people out under the cloudless sky as peacefully and reverentially as a band of crusaders might have chanted when they went on a pilgrimage, Strains of the "Marseillaise" sounded from another direction as the song ceased, and a great moving mass, with more flags and more banners, could be seen creeping along at snall's pace to another

More suffragettes? I walked over to No, but more outlaws, more platforms,

The dock strikers were gathered to



"MA DRUMMOND" ASSERTED, "I'M FIGHTING FOR MY DAUGHTERS AND YOURS."

gether. Gaunt, weary, haggard men, who seemed scarcely able to support their heavy banners. Many, quite exhausted, ither side by women in the national cos- flung themselves down on the grass, their women sat by them apathetically, their A curate spoke for the "Church League barefooted children tried to play about, and the band continued to drone forth

"Men's Political Union," and here there outlaws to the male and addressed them, and all appeared to be going most peacethe most part.

Herbert Burroughs represented the Fa-, between two men. Then dozens joined in. We were all hurled right and left. And

ance at the government from the "Irish police were down upon us. Oh, girls, it was an awful moment. I thought your Aunt Kate had penned

I didn't scream, though. Please under

stand that! any use. The crowd swept me along, and the police drove us into a corner and kept us there until the belligerents were out of

the way and things quieted down. When I was able to escape from the various frightened men and women who had rested on my shoulder blades and leaned on my headgear and dug their elbows into my ribs, I felt like a real sardine, but only that. Nothing was broken or bruised, so I straightened my hat, which poised on one ear, and I tried to pin my puffs tighter, but alas, they had vanished. That was a real blow!

Well, I had had my excitement, and it had left me decicdedly limp and useless. I just took a last look at the suffragettes gathering up their parapher-nalia to go, and I cast a sympathetic glance at the cowed and sullen strikers, then I made for home and the cup that cheers. My way was up Park Lane, where

aristocracy lives and the trappings of wealth are displayed. All was very calm there. Not even a murmur of the battle nor any of the frenzied deflance of the male and female outlaws had penetrated this part of London, the City of Con-Next morning I had quite a little sur-

prise, for hardly a paper mentioned the suffragetto meeting, and those that found some space for it confined any description to a few lines. I'm not criticising, of course, but after all a handful of suf-The actresses had Decima and Eva fragettes who break several windows get a column or so devoted to their exploits. (Copyright, 1912, New-York Tribune.)



"STAND BY THE WOMEN WHO ARE SUFFERING FOR THEIR CONVICTIONS!" URGED MR. HOUSMAN.

